

1774.
December.
Monday 19.

night was approaching, our safety depended on getting to an anchor. With this view we continued to sound, but always had an unfathomable depth.

Hauling up under the east side of the land which divided the two arms, and seeing a small cove a-head, I sent a boat to sound; and we kept as near the shore as the flurries from the land would permit, in order to be able to get into this place, if there should be anchorage. The boat soon returned, and informed us that there was thirty and twenty-five fathoms water, a full cable's length from the shore. Here we anchored in thirty fathoms, the bottom sand and broken shells; and carried out a kedge and hawser, to steady the ship for the night.